

Then I bid him God speed, and made as to depart, but he held me by the hands, asked me if I wanted work. I said, "No, not just now," I worked somewhere else. He wished to know who preached at our meeting-house on Sundays, and I told him come and see. Some little preacher tries to say something, but our object in meeting together is for spiritual worship, and our congregation were all good singers too. The following Sunday the old brother came in. I was giving out the first hymn. He stood still in the door and looked at me awhile, rubbed his glasses to convince himself, and then, as he afterwards told me, sat down with a fluttering, trembling heart. He said he had never as much as thought even that myself might be that little preacher whom I had almost called insignificant. Yet he was now ever so glad that he came and heard me. And his wife too spoke likewise. Now a friendship sprang up between us that was more than earthly friendship. We felt and confessed to one another that we were brethren in one precious Saviour, Jesus Christ, our dearest Lord. Oh, how good was the Lord to us! In his shop we were often together enjoying ourselves in heavenly conversation. His love to the truth was deep and lasting as the everlasting hills, because it was in Christ, towards Christ, and by Christ. Oh, how glad was I that the dear Lord had led me to Evansville.